

**MARVEL**

***RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL***

**#17**

SOULE • GARNEY • MILLA

# DAREDEVIL®





WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

# DAREDEVIL

ONCE, THE WORLD KNEW THAT MATT MURDOCK WAS THE ALTER EGO OF DAREDEVIL. SOMEHOW, MATT FOUND A WAY TO GET HIS SECRET IDENTITY BACK UNDER WRAPS. HE HAS NEVER REVEALED TO ANYONE HOW HE MANAGED THIS FEAT. UNTIL NOW...

**CHARLES SOULE**  
WRITER

**RON GARNEY**  
ARTIST

**MATT MILLA**  
COLOR ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER  
RON GARNEY & MATT MILLA COVER ARTISTS  
JOE JUSKO CORNER BOX VARIANT COVER ARTIST

CHRIS ROBINSON ASST. EDITOR  
MARK BASSO ASSOC. EDITOR  
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR  
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF  
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER  
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER  
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM





NEW YORK CITY.

SO, YOU'RE DAREDEVIL.

YOU'RE ALSO MATTHEW MURDOCK, YOU'RE TELLING ME EVERYONE *USED* TO KNOW THAT, BUT NOW THEY DON'T?

CORRECT.

CONFESSION'S SUPPOSED TO BE ANONYMOUS, SORT OF THE POINT, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?

I DO, FATHER JORDAN, BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU THIS STORY UNLESS YOU KNOW WHO I AM.

THAT *IS* THE STORY, REALLY.

WAIT, IS THIS A CONFESSION, OR A STORY?

BOTH.







I remember the night it all started to crack. I couldn't sleep. I was sitting up, feeling the moonlight on my skin.

It feels like whispers-- the faintest, faintest whispers.

That's one reason I mostly work at night. The sun shouts. The moon...*whispers*.



MATT?



WHY ARE YOU UP? ARE YOU GOING OUT?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO. NOT TONIGHT. EVERYTHING SOUNDS CALM OUT THERE.

SO...WHAT, THEN?

I...



...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.



UH...THAT IS AN EXTREMELY BROAD STATEMENT, MAYBE NARROW IT DOWN A LITTLE?

SOMETHING'S MISSING.

NARROWER, COUNSELOR.



BEING DAREDEVIL  
FULL-TIME...I DON'T THINK  
IT'S ENOUGH. I DON'T THINK  
IT'S GOOD FOR ME.

THE LAW,  
MY REGULAR LIFE...  
THEY GAVE ME PERSPECTIVE.  
HELPED ME REMEMBER WHO  
I WAS FIGHTING  
FOR.

"MOST OF THE HEROES  
HAVE SOMETHING  
ELSE IN THEIR LIVES--  
STARK HAS HIS  
COMPANIES..."

"...EVEN BANNER  
HAS HIS RESEARCH.

"...NATASHA HAS  
S.H.I.E.L.D....

"I THINK IT'S BECAUSE  
DOING THIS FULL-TIME IS  
DANGEROUS. PERSPECTIVE  
IS IMPORTANT. GO IN TOO  
DEEP...YOU MIGHT NEVER  
COME OUT."

I HAD THE LAW. NOW,  
I DON'T, AND I HAVEN'T  
FOUND ANYTHING TO  
REPLACE IT.

MAYBE YOU  
CAN COME BACK  
TO IT--MAYBE PEOPLE  
JUST NEED TO GET  
USED TO THE IDEA  
THAT YOU'RE  
DAREDEVIL.

NO. IT'S  
DONE. DAREDEVIL  
MAKES EVERY CASE ABOUT  
ME, NOT THE CLIENTS. IT'S  
JUST NOT FAIR. NOT  
ETHICAL.

YOU'LL FIND  
SOMETHING. THIS  
IS ALL STILL NEW.  
IT'S JUST CHANGE.  
CHANGE IS  
HARD.

I  
DIDN'T MEAN  
TO WAKE  
YOU.

ANYWAY...

...AS  
LONG AS WE'RE  
UP.





AH,  
LOOK AT  
YOU.



SUCH A  
BEAUTIFUL  
MAN.

Typhoid  
Mary.

Death come  
calling.



In the old days, it might have been  
harder for her to track me down.

But after the big reveal  
that Matt Murdock was  
Daredevil...any search  
engine could kick back  
my home address.

IT'S OKAY,  
MATT. I'M NOT  
OFFENDED THAT  
YOU'VE BROUGHT  
HOME ANOTHER  
WOMAN.



ACTUALLY,  
I'M INTO IT. SHE  
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S  
GOT SPUNK.





WHADDYA  
SAY, GIRLFRIEND?  
YOU GOT ANY  
SPUNK?

MATT, WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

KIRSTEN,  
YOU NEED TO RUN.  
THE MINUTE YOU SEE  
A CHANCE, GO.

OH,  
NO, DON'T GO.  
KIRSTEN, COME  
TO BED.

IT'D BE  
SO...



...HOT.

**FWSH**

I still don't know  
what she wanted.  
Mary's...ill. Her reality  
isn't reality, and her  
reasons for doing  
things can be hard  
to understand.


It doesn't  
matter.

She wanted to  
find me, and  
because I was  
easy to find,  
she did.

We fought,  
and I beat her,  
and Kirsten  
was safe.







That's all  
that mattered.









So...  
we went back  
to New York.

Just for a little while,  
to get some distance on  
what had happened.



I'll tell you--I love San Francisco,  
but the minute we stepped out of  
LaGuardia...

...I heard cabbies speaking at least thirty languages.  
I smelled the exhaust and the hot dogs and the  
urine and the thousand-dollar perfume.

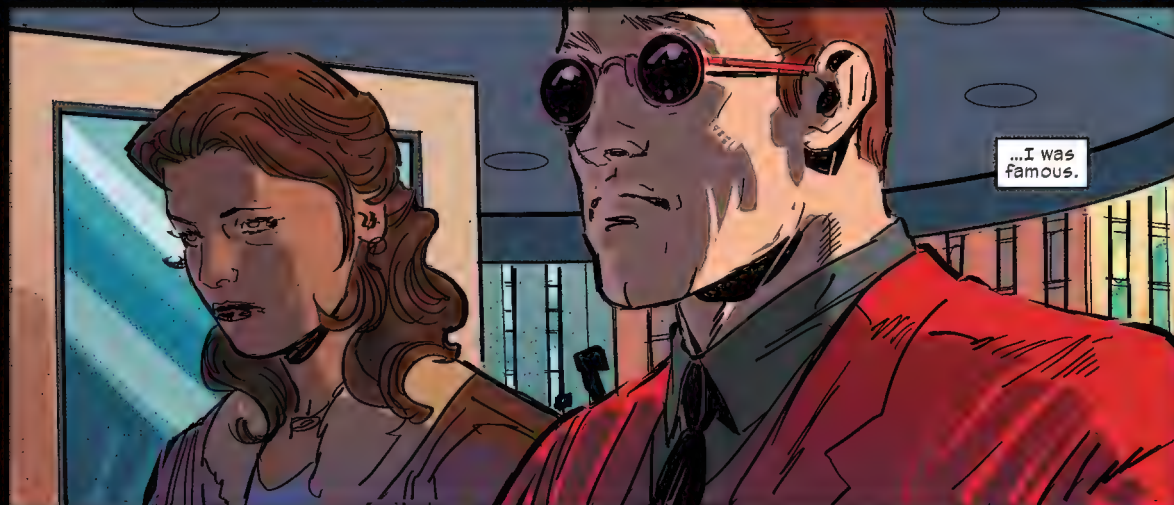
I felt the vibrations of eight  
million people fighting for their  
dreams in the greatest damn  
city in the world.

I was  
home.



Unfortunately, everyone  
in New York already  
seemed to know it.

Daredevil was back, and it was  
*news*. I don't know why I was  
surprised. After all...



...I was  
famous.





OOF.

I KNOW. I'M SORRY. I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY FIGURED OUT WHERE WE WERE STAYING.

IT'S TOTALLY FINE. NOT YOUR FAULT. BUT NEXT TIME WE GO SOMEWHERE, MAYBE YOU SHOULD PULL THAT WHOLE "PRETEND TO BE YOUR LONG-LOST TWIN BROTHER" TRICK.



HOW WOULD THAT WORK? THEY RECOGNIZE YOU JUST AS EASILY AS THEY RECOGNIZE ME, AT THIS POINT.

NAH. I'LL BE MY TWIN SISTER, CHRISTINE McDUFFIE. THEY'LL NEVER FIGURE IT OUT.

I LIKE IT. MY KIND OF PLAN. SOLID.



OH, MY GOD. JUST GET OUT THERE BEFORE YOU HAVE A STROKE.



YOU SURE?

YEP. I'LL GO SEE SOME FRIENDS. PROBABLY BE A LITTLE EASIER WITHOUT DAREDEVIL ALONG ANYWAY.



GO HAVE FUN. BEAT UP SOME EVILDOERS.

JUST BE BACK BY NINE. WE HAVE RESERVATIONS AT SHUKO.



I will *never*  
forget how good  
that felt.

Playing my  
instrument again,  
after too long  
away.



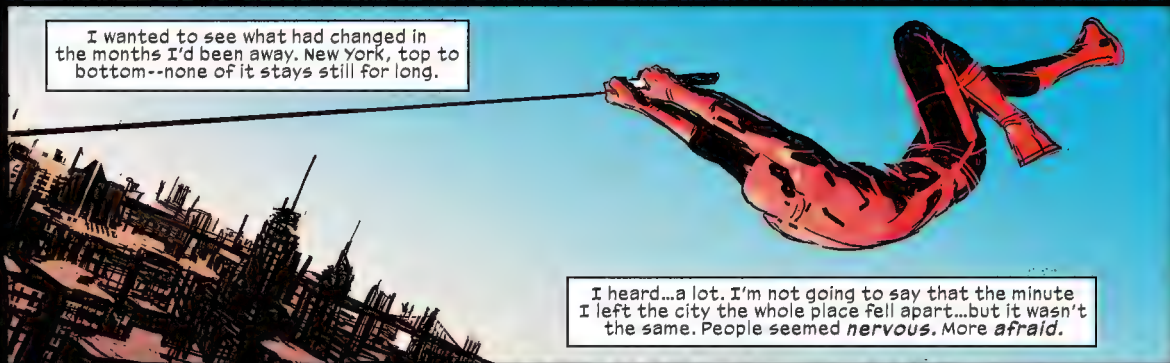




OH, MAN,  
THAT'S MATT  
MURDOCK!

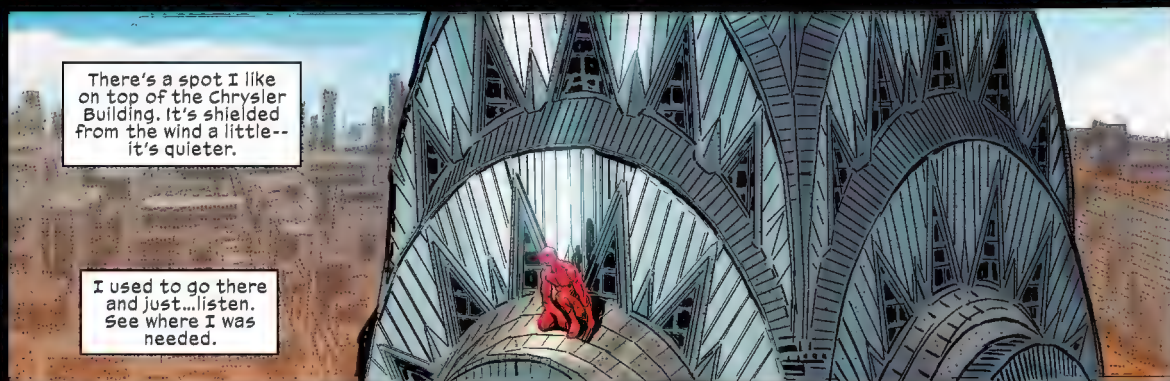
I didn't have  
any agenda,  
really.

Thought I'd just  
experience the city  
again--hear it, smell  
it, taste it. Adjust  
my mental map.



I wanted to see what had changed in  
the months I'd been away. New York, top to  
bottom--none of it stays still for long.

I heard...a lot. I'm not going to say that the minute  
I left the city the whole place fell apart...but it wasn't  
the same. People seemed *nervous*. More *afraid*.



There's a spot I like  
on top of the Chrysler  
Building. It's shielded  
from the wind a little--  
it's quieter.

I used to go there  
and just...listen.  
See where I was  
needed.



I really wasn't looking  
for trouble when I went  
out that day.

But...you  
know...

HELP!  
SOMEONE...  
PLEASE!



...come on.







I never actually found out who was tied up in that chair.



But I didn't really need to. I knew Tombstone.



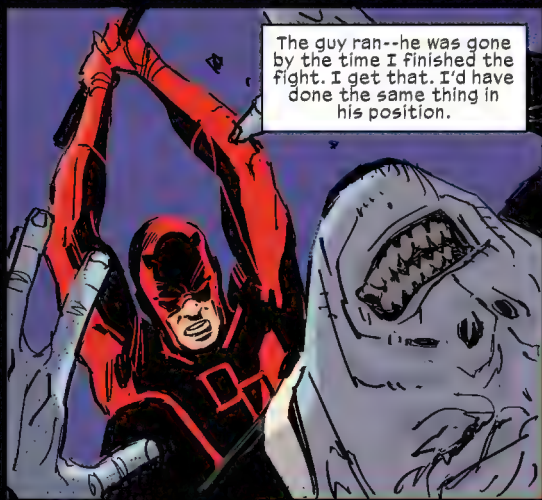
He's survived in this city a long time. With guys like Wilson Fisk and Hammerhead running around, you have to be *stone-cold* to keep any sort of independent criminal enterprise going.



So, even though I didn't know the deal with the guy in the chair, I did know this: if I hadn't shown up, he'd be dead.



The guy ran--he was gone by the time I finished the fight. I get that. I'd have done the same thing in his position.



I gave my statement to the cops when they showed up, but it felt...off.

They weren't nervous. I've been around plenty of corrupt cops, I'm sorry to say. This wasn't that.



It was more like...*skepticism*. Like they didn't believe the story I was telling them.

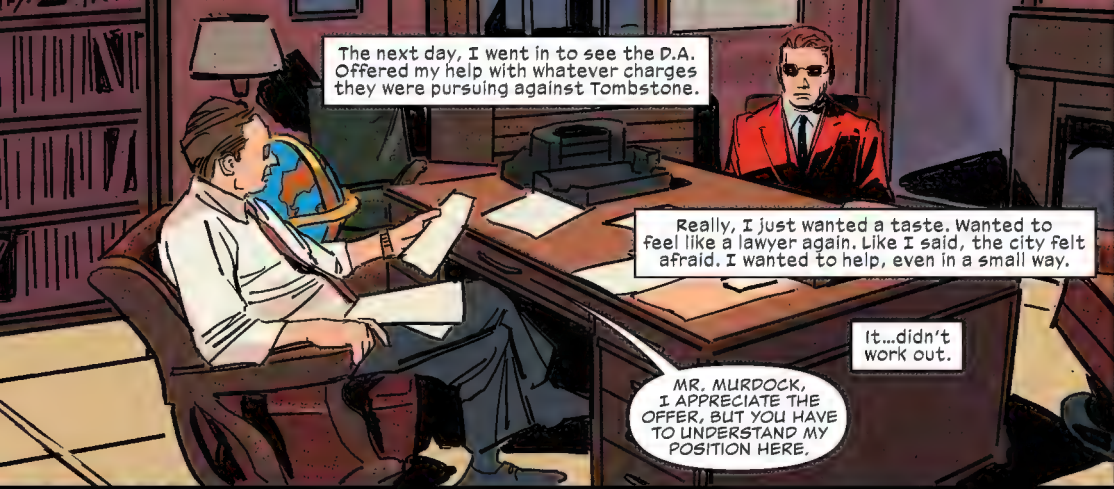
Made my Spidey-sense tingle.



So I decided to follow up.







The next day, I went in to see the D.A. Offered my help with whatever charges they were pursuing against Tombstone.

Really, I just wanted a taste. Wanted to feel like a lawyer again. Like I said, the city felt afraid. I wanted to help, even in a small way.

It...didn't work out.

MR. MURDOCK, I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND MY POSITION HERE.



YOU'RE A PRIVATE CITIZEN WHO ASSAULTED FIVE PEOPLE.

TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE, MR. HOCHBERG!

YES, AND WHERE IS THAT MAN? HE FLED THE SCENE, LEAVING NO ONE TO CORROBORATE YOUR STORY.

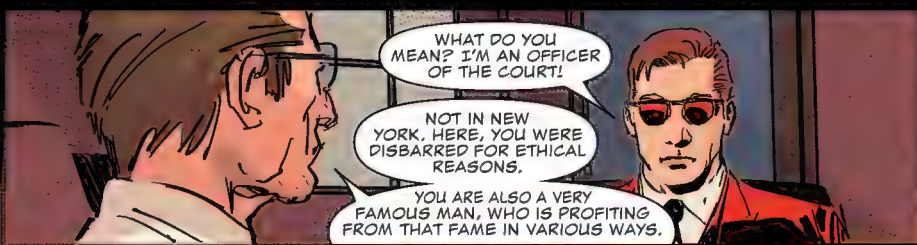


TOMBSTONE'S ATTORNEYS ARE SAYING YOU ATTACKED HIM AND HIS PEOPLE UNPROVOKED. THEY WANT US TO BRING ASSAULT CHARGES AGAINST YOU.



THAT'S LUDICROUS. JUST PUT ME ON THE STAND. I'M GREAT WITH JURIES.

MATT...THERE ARE CREDIBILITY ISSUES.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I'M AN OFFICER OF THE COURT!

NOT IN NEW YORK. HERE, YOU WERE DISBARRED FOR ETHICAL REASONS.

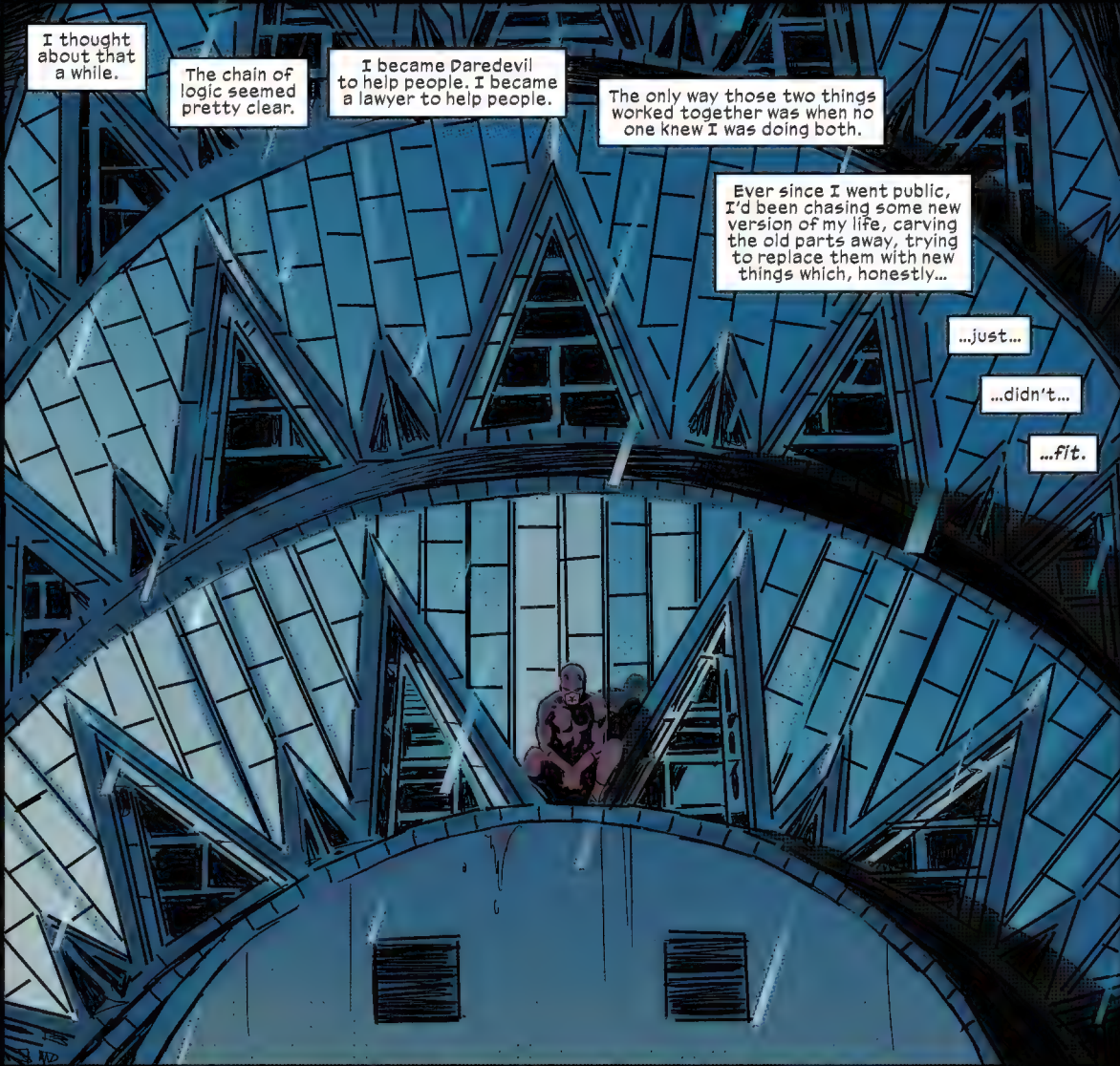
YOU ARE ALSO A VERY FAMOUS MAN, WHO IS PROFITING FROM THAT FAME IN VARIOUS WAYS.



OUR CONCERN IS THAT PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU ATTACKED TOMBSTONE TO GET YOURSELF ANOTHER CHAPTER FOR YOUR AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

HONESTLY, MATT...I THINK WE'LL HAVE A BETTER SHOT OF GETTING IT DONE WITHOUT YOU. OR DAREDEVIL.





I thought  
about that  
a while.

The chain of  
logic seemed  
pretty clear.

I became Daredevil  
to help people. I became  
a lawyer to help people.


The only way those two things  
worked together was when no  
one knew I was doing both.

Ever since I went public,  
I'd been chasing some new  
version of my life, carving  
the old parts away, trying  
to replace them with new  
things which, honestly...

...just...

...didn't...

...fit.



I helped *so many*  
people on both sides  
of the coin--for years.  
It worked.

And it all stopped  
dead once I was outed.

Everyone in the world  
knew exactly who I was.

And I had  
*absolutely*  
no idea.



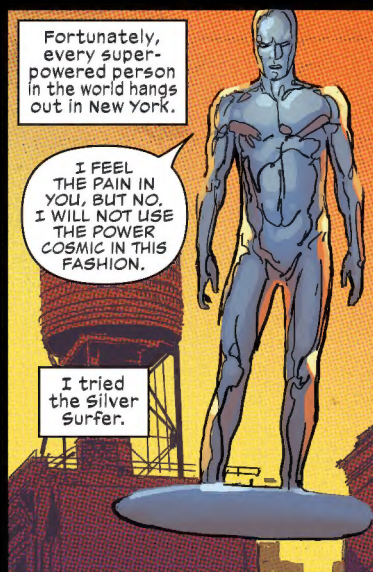


So I went to see Doctor Strange, and I asked him if he could put my identity back.

Not for the first time, either. But I thought, you know, maybe he'd learned something new since the last time I'd asked.

NO.

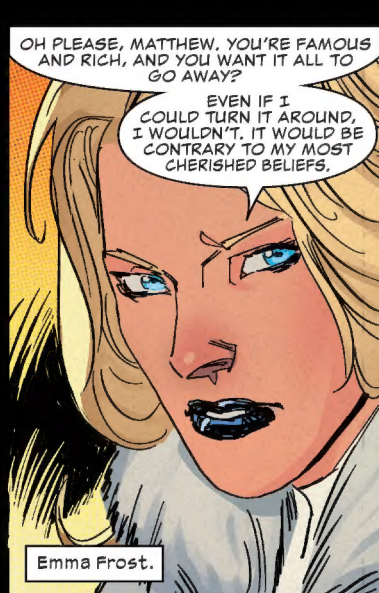
He hadn't.



Fortunately, every super-powered person in the world hangs out in New York.

I FEEL THE PAIN IN YOU, BUT NO. I WILL NOT USE THE POWER COSMIC IN THIS FASHION.

I tried the Silver Surfer.



OH PLEASE, MATTHEW. YOU'RE FAMOUS AND RICH, AND YOU WANT IT ALL TO GO AWAY?

EVEN IF I COULD TURN IT AROUND, I WOULDN'T. IT WOULD BE CONTRARY TO MY MOST CHERISHED BELIEFS.

Emma Frost.



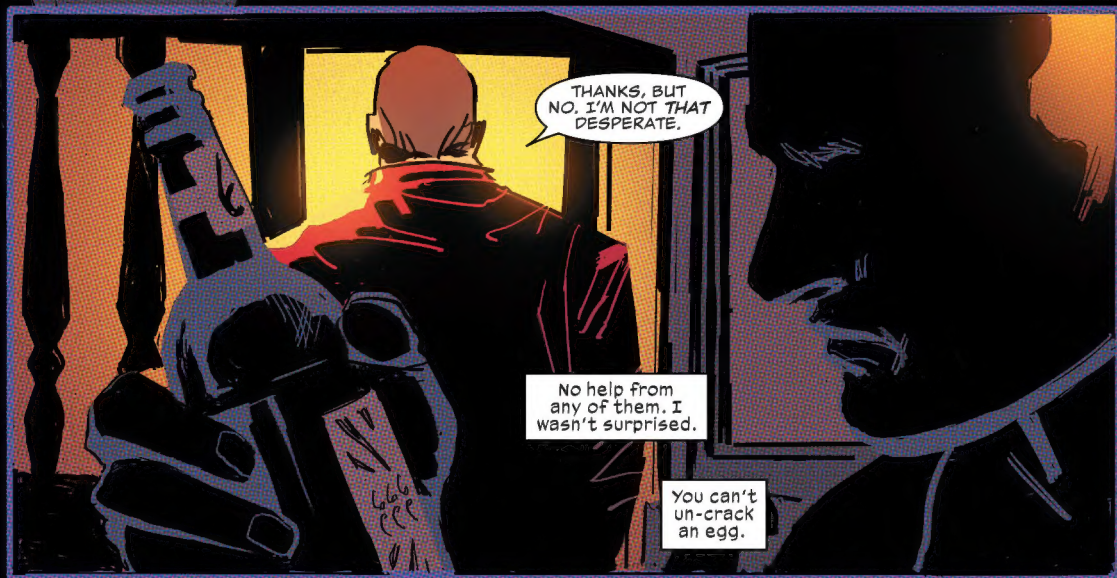
I CAN'T DO IT, BUT I KNOW A GUY WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO PULL IT OFF.

YEAH. HE'S DONE THIS SORT OF THING BEFORE.

MEPHISTO?

Even an *actual* devil, or close enough.

Daimon Hellstrom.



THANKS, BUT NO. I'M NOT THAT DESPERATE.

No help from any of them. I wasn't surprised.

You can't un-crack an egg.



We went back to San Francisco. Stayed at Kirsten's place-- I wanted to rent somewhere else, stay away from places connected to us...

...she said no. Didn't want to *hide*.

God, I loved that woman.


I thought about everything I'd been through in my life--all that pain, all that heartache, all that death...

DING  
DONG

...and I thought, you know...maybe this was better. It was *different*, but maybe that was all right.

Maybe it was finally, just...*time*.



A comic book illustration of two children standing on a porch. The child on the left is wearing a red hoodie and dark pants, looking directly at the viewer. The child on the right is wearing a blue hoodie and dark pants, also looking at the viewer. They are standing on a wooden porch with a 'WELCOME' mat. In the background, there is a house with a window and some foliage.

And then the Purple  
Children showed up.

# "PURPLE" PART 1

TO BE CONTINUED...



**YOU WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



**DON'T  
MISS**

***DAREDEVIL* #18**

WRITE TO US AT [MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM) AND MARK IT "OKAY TO PRINT."